

QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

Some Anecdotes Showing the Good Nature of Dona Christine.

Woodchopper's Bargain Which Was Faithfully Carried Out.

The Spaniards are a romantic people, and the Queen Regent of Spain, Dona Christine, the mother of King Alfonso XIII., occupies in the popular imagination a place which suggests the chivalrous middle ages rather than modern Europe.

Stories are continually told of her kindness and magnanimity, which are probably true, says the Youth's Companion, and she appears to have a gift for doing pretty and interesting things, like an old-time "gentle lady" about the time of the Spanish war.

Not long ago she was in Huelva, in southern Spain, and there visited an old estate, whose custodian was kind. The old man was on the point of weeping and exclaimed:

"I have never had so much cause to regret my blindness as now, for I cannot see my face you can touch it." Then she took the old man's hand and caused him to pass it over her features, to his boundless satisfaction.

This incident was more touching, manfully, but less amusing, than one which is recorded as occurring recently at Madrid. The Queen is accustomed to ride out frequently to the country, and to the last degree, Madrid was built, indeed, in the midst of a desert.

In such expeditions the Queen is generally accompanied by the Infanta Isabella, the young King's aunt, to whom the driver of the royal carriage became attached in the monotonous plain, and spent so many hours in trying to find a way out of the desert.

The Queen and the Infanta were somewhat alarmed. The Infanta, at once, came upon an old woodcutter, who, with a bunch of fags upon his back, gathered laboriously the stunted, gnarled trees.

There were and there had sunk down to the ground, evidently for a moment's rest. "Ho, my good man," the Queen put her head out of the carriage and called out.

"No," said the woodcutter. "I will not, except on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you take me in and carry me back to the city."

The coachman declined to do this. "Very well, then," said the woodcutter, "I will take you to the city."

The Queen here intervened. She ordered the coachman to take the woodcutter in his fagot at the back of the coach and to take him upon the driver's seat and drive him to the city.

The man tied his rough fagot at the back of the royal coach, mounted the box, and the road to Madrid was soon found.

When the royal coach entered the city in this queer way, there was a great sensation, as the people recognized the equipage. The woodcutter sat proudly on the driver's seat.

When his fagot was reached, he got down and unfurled his fagot. The Queen put her head out of the carriage and called out.

"Go to the royal palace to-morrow," she said, "and your service will be rewarded."

The old man, suddenly perceiving whose passenger he had been, was overcome with humility, and he bowed low, rubbing his cap between his hands, and uttering exclamations of astonishment until the carriage was out of sight.

A REAL BAD MAN.

But He Was Quietly Turned Down by a Louisiana Judge.

At Opelousas you may hear even yet of a certain noted character whom we will call La Bleu, whose reign was not so long back but what many men can still remember it, says the Chicago Times.

La Bleu was a man of great stature, a perfect shot with rifle or revolver, and totally devoid of personal fear. He had been known to shoot a negro dead because the latter did not take off his hat to him upon the road.

He ruled the country and did as he liked. He married any woman he chose, and if the wife of any man suited him, he would send word that such and such a day he would call and ask for her. A court meant death, and so none refused.

Judge Martel, a man noted for his courage and determination, had occasion to call a session of his court for a certain day. La Bleu sent word that he would be there.

La Bleu returned his compliments, and said that if court did sit that day he would be on hand and would then and there kill the Judge presiding. Judge Martel replied courteously that he would be at home on the bench then and there and would be pleased to receive Mr. La Bleu.

When the day came around court did sit and Judge Martel sat on the bench. La Bleu entered the courtroom and bowed boldly down in front of the judge.

A word and his hand sought his revolver. He pointed it at the judge, and the judge's hands were raised in the air. "I am a lawyer," said the judge, "and I am a lawyer."

THE ZYNE OF VEGETATION.

It is Found in Every Part of This World.

All readers of Prescott's histories must remember with pleasure his glowing description of the successive zones of vegetation that are encountered in passing from the seacoast to the central highlands of Mexico and of the astonishment of Cortez's soldiers when they looked down from the cold mountain slopes into the flower-decked valleys below.

This ranging of vegetable life around mountains recalls the curious animal life varying in species with the depth of water that surround the islands of tropical seas.

It is interesting to observe what heights various kinds of trees and plants attain. Of course, these heights vary with the latitude and the prevailing conditions of climate. But even in the equatorial regions there are many mountains, like Kenya and Kilimanjaro in Africa, or Chimborazo in South America, that rise far into the region of perpetual snow, where vegetation practically ceases to exist.

There is not much definite information in the pages of travelers' books concerning the elevation which particular varieties of plants attain, and what there is is proportionately the more valuable.

The results reached by Dr. Hettner in his explorations of the Cordillera of Bogota, which forms a part of the Andean Mountain system in Colombia, have recently been published in an interesting book.

It appears that their slopes are covered with a primeval forest, in which palms attain an elevation above the sea level of about 3,300 feet.

Evergreen oaks begin to appear at about 3,500 feet, and several hundred feet higher than the summit of Mount Lafayette in the White Mountains is found upon the limit of the continuous forest, which is at about 10,000 feet.

The valuable cinchona trees, from which Peruvian bark is obtained, show considerable hardiness, their range of growth being in the mountain slopes running from 4,300 to 5,500 feet.

It is an interesting fact that another tree, the use of which is of great importance for the use of man, the camphor tree, is found in Japan on the slopes of mountains, and like the cinchona, exhibits much hardiness, its ability to adapt itself to climatic conditions being very great.

In fact, the camphor tree, in fact, flourishes in the lowlands as well as the mountains, and often attains a growth of as much as twenty feet in diameter.

FOR TRYING TO STEAL A BATH.

Clean Towels and a Neat Woman Get a Philadelphia In Trouble.

"Send officers here at once. There is a burglar in my bathroom."

This message was received by telephone at the Sheffield avenue police station in Lake View Wednesday afternoon, from the residence of Mrs. Chicago Herald.

Two officers on bicycles and a half-dozen policemen in a patrol wagon hurried to the scene. They had no sooner surrounded the house than a man with the greater part of his clothing in his hands, came running out of the house.

He was wearing a nightgown and was being held by the police. He was taken to the station-house and locked up. He gave the name of Peter King.

"I came from Philadelphia several weeks ago, and falling to find a situation, I went out of my mind and went into this house to ask for something to eat. I went in by the rear door. There were no men in the house, and I went into the hallway. I noticed that the bathroom door was open. The room looked new and inviting. There were clean towels hanging on the hooks, and I thought that there was no one in the house, and I went in to have a bath. I decided to take one."

"After turning the water on, I began to dress. I was in the bathroom when I heard a noise. I looked out the door and saw a man with a gun. I ran out of the house and hid in the street near by. I called out that the police were coming. I suspected that the man was a burglar. I jumped into a portion of my clothing. I tried to get away. I was caught, but I did not stand on ceremony, but rushed pell-mell in the direction of the back door. I ran down two steps into a room where a large family sat at dinner, several children being present."

"The baby!" I gasped, as soon as I could get my breath. "The baby! The cat!"

"Yes, suffocated—I found it there on the lounge lifeless, with the cat on its back."

For a moment they stared at me as if they thought me demented. Next their voices rang out in a peal of laughter. "Fie!" I hissed, "come and see for yourselves if this is a laughing matter."

I strode back to the room, followed by the whole family. Then I tore the animal from the room, followed by the whole family. Then I tore the animal from the room, followed by the whole family.

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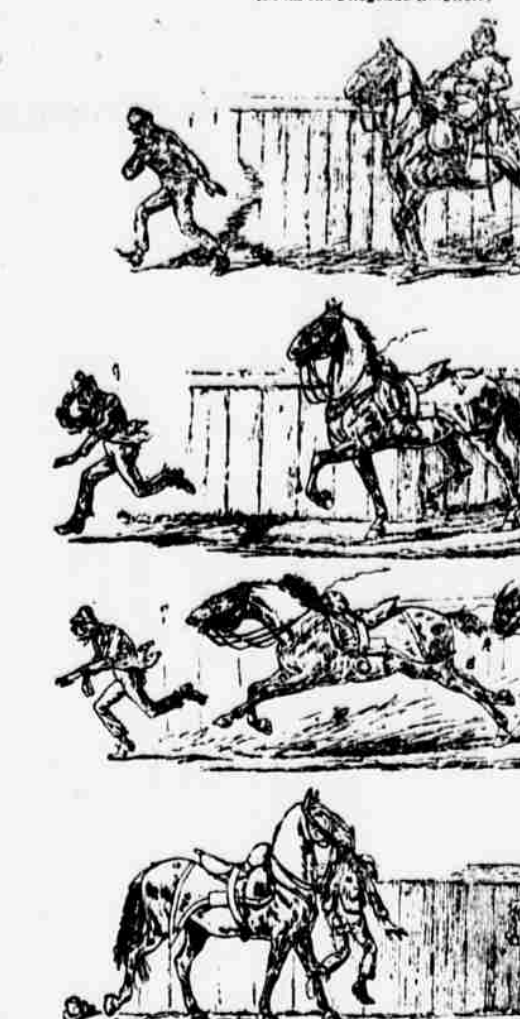
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THE HORSE POLICEMAN.

(From the Filadelfia Director.)



NOT A CATASTROPHE.

But It Seemed to Him Very Much Like One at the Start Off.

I was out in Indiana on some canvassing work of a political nature, and one day I came at noon to a farm-house, the front door of which, opening into the living room, was set ajar. I knocked and knocked, and although I heard voices I could not make any one hear.

So I ventured to step inside, and there, seeing an infant asleep on a lounge, I closed the door, says the Detroit Free Press.

Still no one came. I could hear voices clearing in a remote part of the house, voices breaking and occasionally the sound of laughter, but not a soul was visible. Being very tired I dropped into a chair and waited till some one should enter.

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Cor. 77th St., 3d Ave.

2 Specials

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250 doz. Ladies' Hose, consisting of Modes, Tans & Slates, with or without black boots, worth 19c., for 7c.

Complete assortments of Heminway's Spool and Art Silks always in stock.

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FEAR AND COWARDICE.

An Ex-Confederate Soldier Tells Something of His Own Experience.

I saw copied from your paper some days ago the opinion of general officers whether fear was cowardice? Let one of those who composed the great wall of defense between the Federal army and the "lost cause" give his opinion, says a writer in the Washington Post.

When Gen. Grant was near Richmond, he sent Gen. Sheridan to make a reconnaissance of the Federal army, which was marching on Lynchburg through the Valley of Virginia. Our cavalry also struck out for Richmond to intercept Gen. Sheridan.

Two nights before that time I had a dream that reached on my mind, that just came a great deal of thought and depression. In my dream I thought of the war, of the march and away.

I saw a stately pine tree, whose majestic height reached heavenward, and just before the regiment reached the first place we struck him was at Louisa right across the road, and a voice said to me: "That's just the way you will be."

All along the march to catch Gen. Sheridan that dream haunted me. The true broke in two and fell Court-House, where we got into a fight, and excitement dropped the dream away.

That night it came back in all its vividness, and next day, as we lay waiting for orders, I dreamed the same dream. I knew hardly what to do. In my dream, when you demand to fight on foot, the first, second and fourth man hand the reins to the third man, and he has to hold the horse.

When the company that morning I counted second man, and I had made up my mind that day if we had to go into a fight, I'd get the third man to change with me and let me hold the horse.

About 11 o'clock orders came to come to the fight at Trevilian, on the right. As we went in position as a charge, I felt a great deal of the feeling I had that morning. We were halted right under the enemy, and dismounted. The thought of the third man that morning I counted second man, and I had made up my mind that day if we had to go into a fight, I'd get the third man to change with me and let me hold the horse.

From that day to this I have always taken dreams by contraries.

A Cliché. (From Puck.)

Belle—I'll bet you a kiss against a box of gloves that a criminal could not introduce a Jack-knife into a fair watch of the war. I couldn't get near enough to you to collect my bet.

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